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### Letter to Intrepid Morse

George Chase

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Ware-house Point, Cast. Windsor Dec. 4. 1. 1815 ~ Sunday morning ~

With a heart warmed by recollection of past years, when we were together united by friendship I this day wish you a happy new year. ~ May our future lives flow on more calm and untroubled than they have been - alas! I would not live over my life again and go through all the disagreeable scenes I have, for nothing - for no earthly consideration. Still I have enjoyed many a pleasant hour with thee my friend - which I look back upon with pleasure the furthest. ~ The sun arose to day in unclouded majesty diffusing warmth to this cold clime. The atmosphere is rather smoky - there is no snow - and every thing conspires to make it pleasant and agreeable. Such a day somehow or other is very apt to make a person - 'home-sick'!

Thus for prologue. Do not think from the delay of my monthly epistolary communications any abatement of the fervent love I bear towards you. But attribute its tardiness to dearth of news of which you complain so much. And besides as I was going to Hartford to Christmas I knew it would be acceptable to you to hear how were all our friends there. At Christmas was as usual celebrated at Hartford, and we <sup>had</sup> a very full church. The day was fine and many coming from a distance were obliged to go away not being able to obtain seats. ~ Our family as well - and evading the common troubles of life and the disagreeable situation of Clergyman, - happy. ~ By the above expression I would not have you think that the situation of Hartford is disagreeable. by no means. But wherever a clergyman may go he is always subjected to a crowd of scrutinizers. who are continually on the watch to find fault with any thing he says or does. ~ Alexander Chase was at Hartford - detained by the melting of the snow from going home with Albigail. ~ He visited me here one last Saturday and in crossing the river came very near drowning. ~ and escaped however, with his horse and himself completely drenched. ~ You will probably expect to hear something of the famous Convention at Hartford - concerning which there has been so much talk. I have nothing further to say than that they keep closed doors. and nobody knows what they are about.



It is conjectured however that they will do nothing which will promote a separation, for you know in that case their interest would be destroyed. - The Sottherners being the producers and we the Carriers. - My adventures have been few nothing marvellous nothing interesting. My school comes on pretty well - I have 63 scholars a great many as old and older than myself. - Being naturally of a communicative and open disposition I have ruptured trouble for myself - but as yet have not been materially injured. To tell you in three words the character of this place to your full comprehension as it respects tattle and busy-bodies - Worse than Cheshire. Some stories which originated from some innocent liberties I took with two or three of my scholars, at one of their parties - determined me never to go to one again in this place which promise if you will I have most religiously kept. The howlers of East Windsor as you humorously term them enraged at my supposed desertion of them have assailed me with all their artillery - consisting of dimples, winkles, wag-tails (Bowden fashion) bosom bare &c - very good substitutes for bombs and cannon balls.

But all in vain - Like that hall rock on Laplands dreary shore,  
Whose base the foaming billows ever beats  
Roused by ~~dark~~ tempests from the frozen pole,  
Must be the man, who has the strength of mind,  
Still to resist the charms of lovely woman. - Extem.

I have so nearly exhausted my little fund of ideas - that I feel actually ashamed to send you back so poor a return for the affectionate <sup>letter</sup> you had the goodness to send me - which by the bye I think is the best you have ever written, or rather the last always seems the best.

Friday Jan<sup>y</sup>. Friday. 6<sup>th</sup> - Put off till the last moment - the mail not going out till tomorrow - I thought I had as good as wait. - But alas News I had none - The time still drags on heavily - without any grand object to spur us on for exertion - How various are the arts of man to hasten the flight of



Time - but when gone regret they have not spent it better - from this  
scrap of silly moralizing which I pray you excuse - for boys you know  
from 16 to 20 are wiser than at any other part of their lives and can  
preach better. I shall hasten with all possible speed - and come to  
the Point at one - eye Point - but to tell you the truth I have been deter-  
-mining some time whether I should inform you of a very foolish - what!  
why say fondness if you will, - but here but have merely for the  
sake of electrifying you and laughing away your jaundice - determined  
after mature consideration - to inform you of it. One of my scholars a pretty  
girl of 16 - had the address to win my poor weather beaten affections  
- but took care to keep the secret from her. Your affectionate epistle - came just  
in time to save me from impending destruction - Poor Morgan how I pity the  
him from the bottom of my heart! well - well - says I, I have not written to her father  
yet! - that's one consolation - nor even whispered soft things to her - but alas  
those tell tale eyes! - Mr Hare who kindly heard my moans soon <sup>time</sup>  
laughed me out of it - and heroically I determined after weighing <sup>as</sup>  
matters candidly and fairly - to leave her as I found her - it cost me two  
nights rest - and even still I feel a wishful longing - but no more  
I will no more 'out. Thus far dear cousin - Pray congratulate me  
in your next on my fiftieth escape - as you did some time ago on my  
forty ninth from the fatal wiles of love. But really the young lady I speak  
of is eminently beautiful both in body & mind - perhaps I view her with  
a lovers eyes. - enough! - I had a letter a short time since from

Philander at Brooklyn - he is pleasantly situated at Col Putnam's  
family - the girls familiarly term his room Gobblers hall.  
He laughs and enjoys the joke - Mr Fogg brings rather unwell my  
dear Parsonic brother officiates in his stead - & reads prayers.

Mr Lane a young lawyer has lately set up an office in this  
place. - He has a good library - I am supplied with books -

Mr Hare sends his best love - and affection - yours sincerely George  
of the new country in a following letter which shall be more  
expedientious than this -



Direct your next to  
Hartford - beg of you  
not to put my title on  
again!  
Your ever affectionate  
friend George.

19420  
Wm Pittsford Morse  
J. Roy - M. Q.  
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